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he trained to record what he already knows and what he will learn as the years go by. Here, in effect, my disciple/student at the moment. I must train him to "carry the flag" by himself, just in case he finds himself in the position where he has to one day. Without John/without a disciple, the SRP historical preservation machine would not continue to function. With John/with a disciple/protege, the sky is the limit. The fact that John is such an absolute prince at the same time makes it all a pleasure. Being friends with John is like being friends with a teenager who has stepped out of a Winslow Homer engraving, and who, at the same time, is very much a teenager from 1983. He has a very good disguise. No one could be more of today than John, and yet, at the same time, when I am around him I have the impression that I am with Will Russell (the teenager) or Theron Loomis (the teenager) during the second half of the 19th Century. Last week when John drove me through Clinton Township on his motorcycle, I had the supremely interesting sensation that I was riding through Clinton Township with Theron Loomis. At about 7:45 PM, FMW telephoned and she was really in a chatty mood. I didn't want to talk with her at all. After about ten minutes of FMW, John gave me a signal that he had to leave and off he went. I was still on the phone with Faythe when he drove down Park Place. He beeped the horn twice as he pulled out from in front of my building. What I find so curious is the fact that I should suddenly feel so insecure -- as I have for about the past week -- when so many things seem to be working out well. I'm sure it's a consequence of the tremendous "high" that I floated around on/in on the 4th of July. Great highs are invariably followed by great lows and certainly I know that. Knowing